

THE RURAL



MAGAZINE.

AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

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(Concluded.)

IF the measures that have been recommended for inspiring our pupils with a sense of religious and moral obligations be adopted, the government of them will be easy and agreeable. I shall only remark under this head, that *strictness* of discipline will always render *severely* unnecessary, and that there will be the most instruction in that school, where there is the most order.

I have said nothing in favor of instrumental music as a branch of female education, because I conceive it is by no means accommodated to the present state of society and manners in America. The price of musical instruments, and the extravagant fees demanded by the teachers of instrumental music, form but a small part of my objections to it.

To perform well, upon a musical instrument, requires much time and long practice. From two to four hours in a day, for three or four years, appropriated to music, are an immense deduction from that short period of time, which is allowed by the peculiar circumstances of our country, for the acquisition of the useful branches of literature that have been mentioned. How many useful ideas, might be picked up in these hours from history, philosophy, poetry, and the numerous moral essays with which our language abounds, and how much more would the knowledge acquired upon these subjects add to the consequence of a lady, with her husband and with society, than the best performed pieces of music upon a harpsichord or a guitar! Of the many ladies whom we have known, who have spent the most important years of their lives, in learning to play upon instruments of music, how few of them do we see amuse themselves or their friends with them, after they become mistresses of families! Their harpsichords serve only as side-boards for their parlours, and prove by their silence, that necessity and circumstances, will always prevail over fashion, and false maxims of education.

Let it not be supposed from these observations that I am insensible of the charms of instrumental music, or that I wish to exclude it from the education of a lady where a musical ear irresistibly disposes to it, and affluence at the same time affords a prospect of such an exemption from the usual cares and duties of the mistress of a family, as will enable her to practise it.—These circumstances form an exception to the general conduct that should arise upon this subject, from the present state of society and manners in America.

I beg leave further to bear a testimony a-

gainst the practice of making the French language a part of female education in America. In Britain where company and pleasure are the principal business of ladies; where the nursery and the kitchen form no part of their care, and where a daily intercourse is maintained with Frenchmen and other foreigners who speak the French language, a knowledge of it is absolutely necessary. But the case is widely different in this country. Of the many ladies who have applied to this language, how great a proportion of them have been hurried into the cares and duties of a family before they had acquired it; of those who have acquired it, how few have retained it after they were married; and of the few who have retained it, how seldom have they had occasion to speak it, in the course of their lives! It certainly comports more with female delicacy as well as the natural politeness of the French nation, to make it necessary for Frenchmen to learn to speak our language in order to converse with our ladies, than for our ladies to learn their language, in order to converse with them.

Let it not be said in defence of a knowledge of the French language, that many elegant books are written in it. Those of them that are truly valuable, are generally translated; but, if this was not the case, the English language certainly contains many more books of real utility and useful information than can be read, without neglecting other duties, by the daughter, or wife of an American citizen.

It is with reluctance that I object to drawing, as a branch of education for an American lady. To be the mistress of a family is one of the great ends of a woman's being, and while the peculiar state of society in America imposes this station so early, and renders the duties of it so numerous and difficult, I conceive that little time can be spared for the acquisition of this elegant accomplishment.

It is agreeable to observe how differently modern writers, and the inspired author of the proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praises chiefly to personal charms, and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family, and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other, "opens her mouth with wisdom" and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one, is pleasure; the pleasure of the other, is business. The one is admired abroad; the other is honoured and beloved at home. "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this; nor is there a note in music half so delightful, as the respectful language with which a grateful son or

daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

It should not surprise us that British customs, with respect to female education, have been transplanted into our American schools and families. We see marks of the same incongruity, of time and place, in many other things. We behold our houses accommodated to the climate of Great-Britain, by eastern and western directions. We behold our ladies panting in a heat of ninety degrees, under a hat and cushion, which were calculated for the temperature of a British summer. We behold our citizens condemned and punished by a criminal law, which was copied from a country where maturity in corruption renders public executions a part of the amusements of the nation. It is high time to awake from this servility—to study our own character—to examine the age of our country—and to adopt manners in every thing, that shall be accommodated to our state of society, and to the forms of our government. In particular, it is incumbent upon us to make ornamental accomplishments yield to principles and knowledge, in the education of our women.

A philosopher once said "let me make all the ballads of a country and I care not who makes its laws." He might with more propriety have said, let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively imagination to describe, or even to comprehend, the happiness of a country, where knowledge and virtue, were generally diffused among the female sex. Our young men would then be restrained from vice by the terror of being banished from their company. The loud laugh and the malignant smile, at the expense of innocence or of personal infirmities—the feats of successful mimicry—and the low-priced wit, which is borrowed from a misapplication of scripture phrases, would no more be considered as recommendations to the society of ladies. A double entendre, in their presence, would then exclude a gentleman for ever from the company of both sexes, and probably oblige him to seek an asylum from contempt, in a foreign country. The influence of female education would be still more extensive and useful in domestic life.—The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themselves by knowledge and industry to discharge the duties of benevolence, would be increased by marriage; and the patriot—the hero—and the legislator, would find the sweetest reward of their toils, in the approbation and applause of their wives. Children would discover the marks of maternal prudence and wisdom in every station of life; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been blessed with wife and pru-

gent mothers. Cyrus was taught to revere the gods by his mother Mandane—Samuel was devoted to his prophetic office before he was born, by his mother Hannah—Constantine was rescued from paganism by his mother Constantia—and Edward the sixth inherited those great and excellent qualities, which made him the delight of the age in which he lived, from his mother lady Jane Seymour. Many other instances might be mentioned, if necessary, from ancient and modern history, to establish the truth of this proposition.

I am not enthusiastic upon the subject of education. In the ordinary course of human affairs, we shall probably too soon follow the footsteps of the nations of Europe in manners and vices. The first marks we shall perceive of our declension, will appear among our women.—Their idleness, ignorance, and profligacy will be the harbingers of our ruin. Then will the character and performance of a buffoon on the theatre, be the subject of more conversation and praise, than the patriot or the minister of the gospel;—then will our language and pronunciation be enfeebled and corrupted by a flood of French and Italian words;—then will the history of romantic amours, be preferred to the immortal writings of Addison, Hawke worth and Johnson;—then will our churches be neglected, and the name of the supreme being never be called upon, but in profane exclamations;—then will our fundays be appropriated, only to feasts and concerts;—and then will begin all that train of domestic and political calamities.—But, I forbear. The prospect is so painful, that I cannot help silently, imploring the great arbiter of human affairs, to interpose his almighty goodness, and to deliver us from these evils, that, at least one spot of the earth may be reserved as a monument of the effects of good education, in order to shew in some degree, what our species was, before the fall, and what it shall be, after its restoration.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

In 1747, a man was broken alive on the wheel at Orleans, for a high way robbery: and not having friends to bury his body, when the executioner concluded he was dead, he gave him to a surgeon, who had him carried to his anatomical theatre, as a subject to lecture on. The thighs, legs, and arms, of this unhappy wretch, had been broken; yet, on the surgeon's coming to examine him, he found him reviving; and, by the application of proper cordials he was soon brought to his speech.

The surgeon and his pupils, moved by the sufferings and solicitations of the robber, determined on attempting his cure: but he was so mangled, that his two thighs, and one of his arms, were amputated. Notwithstanding this mutilation, and the loss of blood, he recovered: and in this situation, the surgeon, by his own desire, had him conveyed in a cart 50 leagues from Orleans, where, he said, he intended to gain his livelihood by begging.

His situation was on the road side, close by a wood: and his deplorable condition excited compassion from all who saw him. In his youth, he had served in the army: and he now passed for a soldier, who had lost his limbs by a cannon shot.

A drover returning from market, where he had been selling cattle, was solicited by the robber for charity; and, being moved by compas-

sion, threw him a piece of silver. "Alas!" said the robber, "I cannot reach it—you see I have neither arms nor legs," for he had concealed his arm which had been preserved behind his back: "for the sake of heaven, put your charitable donation into my pouch."

The drover approached him: and, as he stooped to reach up the money, the sun was shining, he saw a shadow on the ground, which caused him to look up; when he perceived the arm of the beggar elevated over his head, and his hand grasping a short iron bar. He arrested the blow in its descent; and seizing the robber carried him to his cart, into which having thrown him, he drove off to the next town, which was very near, and brought his prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him, a whistle was found in his pocket; which naturally induced a suspicion, that he had accomplices in the wood: the magistrate, therefore, instantly ordered a guard to the place where the robber had been seized; and they arrived within half an hour after the murder of the drover had been attempted.

The guard having concealed themselves behind different trees, the whistle was blown, the sound of which was remarkably shrill and loud: and another whistle was heard from under ground, three men at the same instant rising from the midst of a bushy clump of brambles, and other dwarf shrubs. The soldiers fired on them, and they fell. The bushes were searched and a descent discovered into a cave. Here were found three young girls and a boy. The girls were kept for the offices of servants, and the purposes of lust; the boy scarcely 12 years of age, was son to one of the robbers. The girls in giving evidence deposed, that they had lived three years in the cave; that they had been kept there by force from the time of their captivity; that dead bodies were frequently carried into the cave, stripped and buried; and that the old soldier was carried out every dry day; and sat by the road side for two or three hours.

On this evidence, the murdering mendicant was condemned to suffer a second execution on the wheel. As but one arm remained, it was to be broken by several strokes in several places: and a *coup de grace* being denied, he lived in tortures for near five days. When dead, his body was burned to ashes, and strewed before the winds of heaven.

Curious circumstance, related by Dr. Foster.

A VESSEL, on its voyage from Jamaica to England, had suffered so much from the storms, by which it was overtaken, that it was at last on the point of sinking. The crew had recourse in all haste to the boat. The great hurry they were in, having occasioned them to take with them but a small quantity of provisions and liquor, they soon began to be afflicted with hunger, as well as thirst, in a high degree; when the captain advised them by no means to drink the sea water, as the effect of it would be extremely noxious; but rather to follow his example, and, thinly clad, to dip in the sea. He himself practised this constantly; and not only he, but all those who followed his example, found, that when they came out of the water, both their hunger and thirst were perfectly appeased for a long time. Many of the crew laughed at him, and at those who followed his instructions; but at length they grew weak and exhausted, and died of hunger and thirst: nay

some of them, urged by despair, threw themselves into the sea: but the captain and such as several times a day dipped in the sea, preserved their lives for the space of nineteen days; and at the end of that period, they were taken up by a vessel which was sailing that way. It should seem that they absorbed by the pores of their bodies, as much pure water as was sufficient for their nourishment, all the salt being at the same time left behind. In fact, the salt was deposited on the exterior surface of their bodies, in the form of a thin pellicle, which they were obliged repeatedly to rub off.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF LIFE.

POSIDIPPUS, a comic Greek poet utters the following complaint on human life.

METRODORUS, a philosopher of Athens, has shewn that life has pleasures as well as pains; and with equal appearance of reason, draws a contrary conclusion.

1. Thro' which of the paths of life is it eligible to pass? In public assemblies are debates & troublesome affairs;

1. You may pass well through the paths of life. In public assemblies are honors and transactions of wisdom;

2. Domestic privacies are haunted with anxieties.

2. In domestic privacy is stillness and quiet.

3. In the country is labour;

3. In the country are the beauties of nature;

4. On the sea is terror.

4. On the sea is the hope of gain.

5. In a foreign land he that has money must live in fear; he that wants it must pine in distress.

5. In a foreign land, he that is rich is honored; he that is poor may keep his poverty secret.

6. Are you married, you are troubled with suspicions;

6. Are you married, you have a cheerful house;

7. Are you single, you languish in solitude.

7. Are you single, you are unincumbered.

8. Children occasion toil; and a childless life is a life of destitution.

8. Children are objects of affection; to be without children is to be without care.

9. The time of youth is a time of folly, and grey hairs are loaded with infirmity.

9. The time of youth is the time of vigor; and gray hairs are made venerable by piety.

10. This choice only, therefore, can be made, either never to receive being, or immediately to lose it.

10. It will, therefore, never be a wife man's choice, either not to obtain existence or to lose it; for every state of life has its felicity.

ON BEAUTY.

Noris quam elegans formarum spectator scem.
TERENT.

MY design is not to enquire into the nature and effects of beauty, but only to point out such qualifications, as are necessary to make it truly amiable, and without which it is rather a disgrace than an ornament to the person possessed of it.

The first of these is virtue. This, I think, is absolutely necessary in all persons of every age and condition, to make them agreeable, and recommend them to our esteem and approbation. An handsome courtesan is a very mean and

contemptible creature: the beauty of her face, instead of excusing her folly, adds to the deformity of her character; and whosoever is acquainted with the one, can take but little pleasure in the other. If she has received any advantages from nature or education, her abuse of these tends to aggravate her guilt, and render her more odious and disagreeable. In short the most celebrated lady in the land, that has lost her innocence, will appear no less unamiable in the eyes of a man of sense, than the meanest oyster-wench along the wharves.

The second necessary qualification is modesty; by which I understand, not barely such a modest deportment as becomes all persons of either sex alike, but withal a certain graceful bashfulness, which is the peculiar ornament and characteristic of the fair sex. There is a degree of boldness very allowable and commendable in a man, which is quite unnatural in a woman: in the one it denotes courage, in the other an impertinent assurance and haughtiness. The more feminine softness and beauty any one has in her countenance, the more insufferable is her masculine behaviour: her good qualities (if she have any) will be generally observed, seldom approved of, and never commended: and tho' in all other respects she may be completely amiable, yet, for want of a becoming modesty, she will appear completely disagreeable.

The third thing requisite is good sense. Beauty without this is insipid: and however it may raise our compassion, it can never make us admire the possessor of it. Her very looks will betray her weakness: her languishing airs and forced smiles give us a disgust to the most exquisite features and the fairest complexion; and when once she begins to speak, her charms vanish in an instant. To be pleased with the beauty of the fool, is a mark of the greatest folly.

After good sense comes good nature; which is as graceful to the mind, as beauty is to the body. It makes virtue appear in the most amiable light, and adds a lustre to every other good quality. It gives the finishing stroke, if I may so say, to an handsome face, and spreads such an engaging sweetness over it, as no art can equal, nor any words describe. On the other hand, the frowns of ill-nature disgrace the finest countenance: not even the wrinkles of old age can make it so homely and deformed. A scold, though ever so handsome, is universally hated and avoided: the very sight of her is odious, and her company intolerable.

I shall mention but one more qualification requisite to make beauty amiable; and that is good breeding. As a precious stone, when unpolished, appears rough; so beauty, without good breeding, is awkward and unpleasing. Nature indeed is at all times the same, but does not discover its beauty till refined and improved by art. A genteel behaviour, though it cannot alter the shape and complexion of a fine woman, is however necessary to make them agreeable: virtue, modesty, good sense, and good nature will signify but little without it. 'Tis not sufficient, that a woman have good features and a handsome person, unless she know how to shew them off to the best advantage; nor will the finest accomplishments make her completely agreeable, unless they be properly improved by a good education, and appear conspicuous in a polite behaviour.

Every man of sense and taste will, I believe, allow the necessity of the qualifications above-mentioned, to make beauty truly amiable; and

that, notwithstanding they all equally contribute to effect this, yet if one of them only be wanting, the others will have but little power without it.

How inexpressibly amiable must that person be in whom all these qualifications unite! whose countenance bespeaks the most untainted virtue; whose looks are full of the most engaging modesty; from whose eyes good sense and good nature dart their enlivening rays; and whose whole behaviour is a perfect pattern of good breeding!—affords a remarkable instance of the most exquisite beauty, thus adorned with every good quality and desirable accomplishment.

Nil oriturum alias nil ortum tale fatemur.

NEWARK, JULY 21.

—MARRIAGES—

*Happy the youth who finds a bride,
In sprightly days of health and ease,
Whose temper to his own ally'd,
No knowledge seeks but how to please.
A thousand sweets their days attend,
A thousand comforts rise around,
Here husband, parent, wife, and friend,
In every dearest sense is found.
Yet think not, man, 'midst scenes so gay,
That clouds and storms will never rise,
A cloud may dim the brightest day,
And storms disturb the calmest skies.
The lights and shades, and goods and ills,
Thus finely blended in their fate,
To sweet submission bow their wills,
And make them happy in their state.*

On Tuesday evening last, in this town, by the Rev. Dr. M'Whorter, Mr. DAVID JAMES, to Miss SARAH WARD, both of this place.

—THE MORALIST—

An excessive love of praise never fails to undermine the regard due to conscience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and sets up a false light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it assumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both splendid and useful. At a distance they strike the eye with uncommon brightness; but on a nearer and stricter survey, their lustre is often tarnished. They are found to want that sacred and venerable dignity which characterizes true virtue. Little passions and selfish interest entered into the motives of those who performed them.—They were jealous of a competitor. They sought to humble a rival. They looked round for spectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generosity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble source whence these seeming virtues take their rise, is hidden. Without, appears the hero; within, is found the man of dust and clay. Consult such as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and seldom or never will you find, that they held them in the same esteem with those who viewed them from afar. There is nothing except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near approach and strict examination.

—ANECDOTES—

The following whimsical circumstance happened some time ago in Kilkenny. A taylor, who was married to a very sickly woman, grew enamoured with a young girl who lived in his neighbourhood, who consented to grant him all he could wish, provided he would give her a promise in writing to marry her immediately on the demise of his rib; in consequence of which Mr. Snip passed her the following curious note of hand.

"In two days after the demise of my present wife, I promise to marry Mary Moran, or order, value received, under a penalty of fifty pounds sterling. Given under my hand this 16th day of May, 1789. JER. SULLIVAN."

Shortly after Moran received the above note she died, leaving it endorsed to a female friend, who also chanced to take a fever and die before the taylor's wife; however, on her sick bed, she also endorsed the note, and gave it to a cousin, whom the taylor absolutely married, agreeably to endorsement, in two days after the death of his wife. Our correspondent assures us he knew the transaction well, and that the taylor and his wife are now living happily in the city of Kilkenny.

The monthly Reviewers begin their review of Paines letter to Mr. Erskine, on the prosecution of T. Williams for publishing the Age of Reason, in the following neat and fantastic manner:

"I can write (says Mr Paine) a better book than the Bible myself." This may be his opinion: but there is one part of this book, which surely could not be improved, even by him: we mean that in which it is said, "Sceit thou a man wife in its own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him."

The magistrate of a little village in the marquissate of Brandenburg, committed a burgher to prison, who was charged with having blasphemed God, the king, and the magistrate.—The burgomaster reported the same to the king, in order to know what punishment such a criminal deserved. The following sentence was written by his majesty in the margin of the report:

"That the prisoner has blasphemed God, is a sure proof, that he does not know him: that he has blasphemed me, I willingly forgive; but, for his blaspheming the magistrate, he shall be punished, in an exemplary manner, and committed to Spandau for half an hour."

—MORAL—

THOSE actions, which we denominate virtuous, have not any absolute and independent, but a relative and reflected beauty; and the source, from which they derive their lustre, is the intention which guided them. If well intended, whether they produce good or evil, they are equally virtuous. The producing good or evil is but accidental: the intention to produce good, in the essence of virtue; and this is the criterion or test, by which virtue is to be determined.

DIED—In London, aged 31, Mr. William Jenkins, a clerk in the bank. This gentleman measured the extraordinary height of seven feet nine inches; and from an apprehension of his body being stolen for the purpose of dissection, the corpse was, by permission of the bank Directors interred in that part of the garden court of the bank, which formerly constituted an appendage of the church yard.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the first GREAT CAUSE of things.*

BY THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.

LOVE, by hope, is still sustain'd,
Zeal by the reward that's gain'd;
In power Authority begins,
Weakness strength from prudence wins;
Honesty is credits wealth,
Temperance the support of health;
Wit from calm contentment springs,
Content, 'tis competence that brings;
Competence as all may see,
Springs from good economy.
Maids, to fan a lover's fire,
Sweetness more than charms require.
Authors, more from truth may gain,
Than from tropes that please the vain.
Arts will less than virtues tend
Happiness and life to blend.
He that happiness would get,
Prudence more must prize than wit;
More than riches rosy health,
Blameless quiet more than wealth,
Nought to owe and nought to hoard,
Little land and little board;
Little favorite true and kind,
These are blessings to my mind;
And when winter comes, desire
Little room but plenteous fire;
Temperate glasses, generous wine,
Dishes few when'er I dine;
Yes my sober thoughts are such,
Man must never have too much;
Not too much—what solid sense
Three such little words dispense.
Too much sleep benumbs the mind,
Too much strife distracts mankind.
Too much negligence is sloth,
Too much zeal is folly's growth.
Too much love our peace annoys,
Too much physic life destroys.
Too much cunning fraudulent art,
Too much firmness, want of heart,
Too much sparing makes a knave,
Those are rash that are too brave.
Too much wealth like weight oppresses,
Too much fame with care distresses.
Too much pleasure death will bring,
Too much wit's a dangerous thing.
Too much trust is folly's guide,
Too much spirit is but pride.
He's a dupe that is too free,
Too much bounty weak must be.
Too much complaisance a knave,
Too much zeal to please a slave.
This too much though bad it seem,
Chang'd with ease to good you deem;
But in this you are my friend,
For on trifles all depend.
Trifles great effects produce,
Both of pleasure and of use.
Trifles often turn the scale,
When in love or law we fail.
Trifles to the great commend,
Trifles make proud beauty bend.

Trifles prompt the poet's strain,
Trifles oft distract the brain.
Trifles, trifles more or less,
Give or withhold success.
Trifles when we hope can cheer,
Trifles smite us when we fear;
All the flames that lovers know,
Trifles quench and trifles blow.

*The following beautiful little Morceau we find in
one of our late English prints. It is from the
pen of the author of "The Pleasures of Memory."*

ONCE more enchanting girl adieu!
I must be gone while yet I may.
Oft shall I weep and think of you,
But here I cannot, will not, stay.
The sweet expression of that face,
For ever shifting, yet the same,
Oh! no—I dare not turn to trace,
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!
Yet give me, give me, ere I go,
One little lock of hose so blest,
That lend your cheek, a warmer glow,
And on your white neck love to rest.
Say, when you kindle soft delight,
That hand has chanced with mine to meet,
How could its trilling touch excite,
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?
O! stay—but no? it must not be;
Adieu! enchanting girl adieu!
—Yet still, methinks you frown on me,
Or never could I fly from you.

JEWISH ECONOMY.

TWO criminals, a Christian and a Jew,
Who'd been to honest feelings rather callous,
Were on a platform once expos'd to view,
Or come, as some folks call it, to the gallows;
Or, as of late, a quainter phrase prevails,
To try their weight upon the city scales.
In dreadful form, the constable and shrieve,
The priest, and ord'nary, and croud attended,
Till fix'd the noose, and all had taken leave,
When the poor Israelite befriended,
Heard by express from officer of State,
A gracious pardon quite reverse his fate.
Unmov'd he seem'd, and to the spot close sticking,
Ne'er offers, tho' he's bid to quit the place,
Till in the air, the other fellow kicking,
The sheriff thought that some peculiar grace,
Some Hebrew form of silent deep devotion,
Had for a while depriv'd him of his motion.
But being question'd by the sheriff's orders,
Why not with proper officer retiring,
In tone of voice that on the marv'ulous borders
While that his looks were to the beam aspiring,
"I only wait," says he, "before I coes,
"Ov Mister Catch to puy the ted man's clothes."

MORAL TRUTH.

FRIENDS are like leaves that on the trees
do grow,
In summer's prosp'rous state much love they
show.
But art thou in adversity? Then they
Like leaves from trees, in autumn fall away.
Happy is he who hath a friend indeed;
But he more happy is, who none does need.

THE DAWN.

AWAKE! O man! th' unclouded morn
appears;
Seek truth divine, and dissipate thy fears—
Roam thro' the regions of created space,
Observe the liniments of nature's face,
And in those characters, which all mankind
Alike interpret, read the eternal mind.
When the great chain of destiny began
Is foreign, useless and unknown to man:
That Being, who conducts the present hour,
Began the plan in wisdom, love and power;
By laws immutable the grand machine
Still moves, and wondering nations view the scene.
—Hence, superstitious fools and mitred knaves,
No longer seize what honest merit craves!
Lo! the great solvent, Reason, quick dispels
The prelate's ill-earn'd power, unfolds his cells,
And shews to poor dup'd man what brittle chains
Have held his reason down while passion reigns,
And only modified with holy dross,
Each horrid feature terrifies the less.
Lost in a cloud of mysteries, the mind,
Oppress'd with fear, the helm to priests resign'd
When life's rude storms the shatter'd bark assail,
And danger hovers in the adverse gale,
The ceremonial trash the pilot's save,
And plunge morality beneath the wave.

ANSWER

To the piece signed "ROBINSON CRUSOE," in
Number 21.

GOOD morning old Crusoe, I am glad you
are living,
I thought you were dead long ago,
I've just read the question your wit has been
giving,
And an answer I quickly will show,
In the fourth book of Moses it stands very plain,
In the seventh, six verses you'll find,
That read just alike—I'll mention each name,
It will answer the purpose design'd:
Twenty and five is the first I will take,
Next to it is thirty and seven,
Then forty and nine if I do not mistake,
And after that sixty and seven;
The fifth I shall mention is seventy-three,
The last is just seventy-nine,
Each hath forty words that jointly agree,
Go read them, the truth you will find.
I am good old Bob,
Your friend and humble servant.
HERMENIUS.

ON MATRIMONY—AN EPIGRAM.

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself to Kate,
In union so divine;
'Wedlock's the end of life,' he cry'd;
'Too true alas!' said Jack and sigh'd,
'Twill be the end of mine.'

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